

The COMMONWEAL

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The Pope's Message

THE Christmas Eve address to the College of Cardinals is principally devoted this time to the nations' immediate and urgent task of making a peace which will endure. During the war Pius XII had developed and emphasized in his Christmas messages the leading principles of just and lasting peace, both within the individual nation and between the nations of the world. A troubled year of attempted peacemaking has now afforded the occasion for a worldwide appeal to the rulers of the nations based on mankind's desperate need.

It is because of the "indescribable bitterness" of the postwar months, for both victor and defeated peoples alike, that Pope Pius addresses so stirring a plea to statesmen and governments at this crisis in human history. He deplores the "indefinite prolonging of an abnormal state of instability and uncertainty" and of the "state of constant unrest from which there would arise sooner or later the flames of new conflicts."

Therefore the Pope appeals principally for these four things: "a speedy and complete conclusion of peace"; a peace settlement which is just and farseeing and in "the common interests of the entire human family"; a settlement which will "leave the way open for amendments according to a clearly determined procedure, as soon as the

majority of peoples, the voice of reason and of equity show that these amendments are opportune and desirable or even called for"; deliverance from the threat of starvation of the men and women, and especially young people, in "vast territories of Europe and the Far East."

To the faithful, Pius XII recommends the courage of the martyrs, as well as ardent Christian charity, in confronting anti-religious forces and a world in which the contrast between the message of Bethlehem and actual conditions has rarely been so clearly seen by all mankind. To all who listened to his Christmas message, the Pope fervently wished "the peace of God which surpasseth all understanding."

The State of China

ON THIS Christmas Day, 1946, the Chinese state adopted a new constitution. Next fall, the first elections will be held under the new constitution, and the new government will take office and authority on next Christmas Day.

The new fundamental law is reported to be a revolutionarily (for the Orient) democratic-liberal instrument, in the pattern of the United States and England, and showing, it is also reported, strong influence of General Marshall and Ambassador Stuart. It was written by the National Assembly, which sat for forty-one days and worked on the discussions of the Political Consultative Conference of all parties, including the Communist, which took place early in 1946.

The Chinese State and Constitution are repudiated by some millions of Chinese in wide areas of China—the Chinese communist régime—and by numerous followers of the communists throughout the world, including the United States. There is no accepted estimate of the number of Chinese attached to the Chinese communist régime: estimates differ by tens and twenties of millions. At the same time, there is increasing confirmation of reports that very few Chinese indeed, except communists and communist-controlled, deny the legitimate government and prefer the communist anti-state. The national state under Chiang Kai-shek is not exclusively Kuomintang and far less exclusively "reactionary wing of the Kuomintang," and the new constitution is designed to eliminate the party character of the state for good.

The Chiang Kai-shek state has not been a thing of classic beauty according to Western, democratic standards, and too many well attested reports have claimed that it repulsed or overrode a needed liberal broadening to suppose that there is not some truth in the criticism. (Very few of these criticisms have taken account of the long Japanese war, of the twenty years of attack by the communists, of the special problems of

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Chinese history.) Now, the internal development of China and the influence of the United States and the new constitution and the world-wide political situation all indicate that the legitimate Chinese régime is developing in a sound direction.

The Chinese communist régime is a separate, outside, rebellious organization, which, first of all, is communist, and which is an enemy of the legitimate Chinese government, and is devoted not to aiding, broadening and sanitizing the general government but rather to sabotaging, undermining and eliminating it. Its identity with the Russian State Party is increasingly flagrant. The blast of General Chou En-lai, the second most important Chinese communist, against the United States and President Truman constitutes good evidence. The American China Policy Association, 1 West 37 Street, New York 18, N. Y., heaps up evidence showing the same thing: the Chinese red régime and army are more and more closely integrated with Russia. The conduct of Russia in Korea and in Manchuria confirm the fact. Russia typically and cold bloodedly ignores her engagements to the United States and to China (such as the Sino-Soviet treaty of August, 1945) and remains active in north China, and chases Americans out of the waters of Dairen—a port that should have been handed over to Chinese administration long ago.

It appears that the indicated line for American counter-attack is insistence upon the carrying out of understandings and agreement and treaties in the north-east Chinese area (which includes, naturally and fundamentally, Manchuria). Meanwhile the United States should be expected to encourage the broadening and strengthening and the just and efficient administration of the legitimate Chinese State.

What Sort of Farm?

AT THE height of the Christmas season a Senate committee made an announcement which is in danger of being lost. It had to with the big farm versus small farm controversy and the group in question was the Committee on Small Business, headed by Senator James E. Murray of Montana. The announcement summarized a 139-page report prepared for the committee by Dr. Walter R. Goldschmidt of the University of California.

The report contrasted two typical California towns: Arvin, where large-scale, corporate farming obtains, and Dinuba, which is encircled by small-sized, family-operated farms. The two communities under analysis produce about the same dollar value in agricultural products—\$2,500,000 per year. But Dinuba supports sixty-two business establishments in comparison with Arvin's record of thirty-five and the volume

of retail trade is also in favor of the small-farm town, \$4,383,000 to \$2,535,000. For such commodities as building equipment and household supplies, the residents of Dinuba spend three times as much as their large-farm compatriots.

All this reflects the difference in occupational status. More than half the working population of Dinuba is independently employed as farmers, in business or on other white collar jobs; men and women independently employed account for less than one-fifth of Arvin's working population. Or, to put it in another way, the proportion of the landless, wage laborers and others with low and insecure incomes is one-third and two-thirds respectively in the two communities.

Healthier distribution of income and responsibility is only a beginning. "Physical facilities for community living—paved streets, sidewalks, garbage disposal and other public services—are far greater in the small-farm community; indeed, in the industrial-farm community some of these facilities are entirely wanting." Consistent with the other findings is the more favorable showing of Dinuba parks, playgrounds, schools and churches.

In making this gratifying announcement and speaking for his committee Senator Murray stressed the advantages of personal interest and economic stability for the well-being of the American rural community.

It can be—and has been—demonstrated again and again that family-type farming is ordinarily by far the more desirable type. Yet the trend towards the opposite extreme of large-scale mechanization continues. Unhappily it will persist until the influential agricultural schools, all national farm organizations, the Department of Agriculture, the big farm publications and the rest wholeheartedly and in the common interest seek to reverse that trend, which inevitably leads to sharecropping, dust bowls and our own displaced persons. In the meantime it is up to all those who believe in the right kind of farming as the good life to rally their forces in order to make an effective dent in American public opinion.

Our Progressively Confused Citizens

EDITOR WALLACE keynoted a new campaign of a new organization named on December 29th the "Progressive Citizens of America." In abstract—only in abstract—it sounded good. . . . "The essence of the progressive faith as I see it is belief in the goal of peace, prosperity and freedom in one world." That would exclude few good persons, we suppose, and certainly we would not like it to cut out THE COMMONWEAL. And we would go along with Mr. Wallace through most of the more or less definable issues ("specific details" would not give a just

idea) about which he spoke.

But we are against "Progressive Citizens of America," and we charge Mr. Wallace with doing in fact the opposite of what he called upon his followers to do: "You should do all you can to get the issues clearly defined."

This new organization is an omelet of ten previously functioning leftist outfits, most prominently the National Citizens Political Action Committee and the Independent Citizens Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions, both of them notoriously fellow-traveling. It is a bitter and tragic confusion which this newly merged group fosters. Loudly—if very vaguely—they talk for some legitimate and highly desirable reforms in American social, economic and political life, and against some forms—more or less threatening, although all "more" to them—of reaction toward unwise and bankrupt state policies. Into this sympathetic speech they manage to inject so much meaning of pro-communism and pro-Sovietism, of crude centralism, statism and secularism, that the whole viewpoint and program they favor becomes an ominous threat, impure and mercilessly confused.

Perhaps, however, these too-many-sided "Progressive Citizens" will encourage the Democratic Party to take a new and vigorous post-New Deal rôle. The Democrats should repulse this band of lost "liberals" flatly, and develop a viewpoint and program of contrastingly sound and clear-sighted consistency. Some party must show the country the fundamental, abysmal difference between working for progress toward an ideal of justice and charity and an open society on the one and better hand, and confused "liberal progressivism" on the other, which would certainly lead to appeasement, capitulation and at length bloody desperation before remorseless forces of tyranny and materialistic power concentration.

White Man's Burden

THE WORDS do not look right without quotes and irony, but they come to mind all the same and it would not be fair to try to be modern and look for new words when the phrase that comes to mind is the old one about the white man's burden. In the days when the natives in everybody's colonies were quietly working for you it was not much of a burden to sit on the verandah and watch them work. Even if you thought about sanitation, road building, courts of justice, schools and all the rest of it, you were there because you went there—nobody asked you to go there—and it sounded pretty complacent to talk about its being so much of a burden. After all it was profitable, wasn't it, or supposed to be profitable?

In America long ago we jumped off the shoulders of the British, the French and the Spanish,

and stood up all by ourselves (we were not natives but we were a burden all the same). Since then, we have not been able to take the white man's burden theme very seriously—even when played by such an artist as Kipling. We have thought that every people should be free who had a George Washington.

We still think so. Only it seems that you do not have a George Washington until you are ready to be free; you are not ready to be really free until you are so prepared that you can exist freely in the kind of world that surrounds you. It is not easy to be free in the present world; even when you are obviously a nation like the Polish nation. And when you are not even a nation, when you are India which is not a nation, when you are North Africa which is just North Africa, it is extremely difficult to be free even if you throw out the French or the British. Because there is also a freedom to fall straight into a totalitarian system, or straight into civil war, or flat on your face.

That is why the tendency to applaud George Washingtons everywhere is facile and dangerous. The Indo-Chinese, for instance, have at present a Viet Nam Republic which under a leader called Ho Chi Minh is fighting against the French. This particular George Washington is one of the many patriots operating here, there and everywhere, who have trained carefully to become liberators—in Moscow.

Probably the French feel the way we have always felt about the white man's burden; they have thought it a peculiarly British notion. But they have sent General Leclercq to Indo-China in order to prevent the Indo-Chinese from breaking out of a system, which with all its faults still desires freedom, and entering another system which denies it. If you forget all about the white man part of it, the French are carrying the burden that civilization still must assume in order to save itself. Because you cannot suddenly let go of colonies when finally they become a real burden, for then is the time when moral responsibility is put to the test.

Religion and a Liquor License

BY NOW almost every American must be familiar with the nuisance value of those extraordinary sectarians who call themselves the Witnesses of Jehovah. We have had them round for a long time, and we have grown rather used to them, however much they may annoy us when they intrude into our homes or our privacies. An excellent article describing them appeared last October in *Collier's*. Yet the *Collier's* writer

seems to me to have missed the real secret of the Witnesses' growth. The tenets of their sect are remarkably simple. They are against all organized churches and against the State. They favor study of the Bible and assume a vague traditional theology which is presumably trinitarian, but which is so little reasoned out that it almost defies definition. The psychological nub of their appeal, I believe, is their conviction that all members of the sect must constantly and fully participate in spreading the gospel of the sect, thus supplying to drab and commonplace lives a wonderfully consoling unity of action and purpose. It is by no means the first time in the world's history that such a psychological inducement has won men's hearts. We constantly forget how deep is the appeal of a communal life lived for a higher purpose and involving sacrifice and even martyrdom. And this appeal operates impartially whether the common purpose be good or bad, rational or unreasoned. Especially is it strong when it combines with its own intrinsic purpose a sanction for rebellion against constituted authority, moral and civil.

Hence we find in the literature of the Witnesses a constant assimilation to the trials and sufferings of the first Christians, who also refused their pinch of incense to Caesar and were intransigent against all of the then established religions. Of course the difference between the faith of a Saint Paul and the faith of a Judge Rutherford is, to put it mildly, considerable, but the emotional urges are not without likeness, and when we fail to realize this, when we subject the Witnesses to mob violence or to prison, we play directly into their hands and cease ourselves to be Christians.

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The Witnesses within the last few years have really begun to make their weight felt in the Province of Quebec, which is a region nearly ninety percent Catholic. Here, also, they have invaded the privacy of people's houses and have been pretty much public nuisances. The unfortunate reaction has been a number of cases of mob violence as well as numerous arrests and fines and jail sentences. Then, a few weeks ago, the Witnesses published over a million and a half four-page broadsides entitled "Quebec's Burning hate For God and Christ and Freedom Is the shame of all Canada." This production was issued in English, French and Ukrainian. It is addressed to all people, and is not so much an appeal for conversions as it is an indictment of Quebec for its treatment of the Witnesses. In old-fashioned Orangeman style it speaks of "that benighted, priest-ridden province." It goes on: "Quebec, Jehovah's Witnesses are telling all Canada of the shame you have brought on the

nation by your evil deeds. In English, French and Ukrainian languages this leaflet is broadcasting your delinquency to the nation. You claim to serve God; you claim to be for freedom. Yet if freedom is exercised by those who disagree with you, you crush freedom by mob rule and gestapo tactics. . . ." etc., etc.

It can be imagined what was the reaction of French Canadians to such a broadside. Had the Witnesses desperately wanted to stir up trouble, they could have devised no more effective means. The Prime Minister of the Province immediately started a campaign of wholesale arrests — of doubtful legality — and then capped the climax by ordering suspension of the liquor license of a certain Montreal restaurateur named Frank Roncarelli, who was using his private means to supply bail for the arrested Witnesses. The result was the most wonderful hullabaloo and more free publicity for the followers of the late Judge Rutherford than they have perhaps ever received in a single given area. A few of the French Canadian papers approved, but a great many of them did not — especially those with Liberal political sentiments who loved a chance to get a dig in at a politician not of their party. The English press came out strong for freedom. The Montreal English Catholic paper, professing to find diabolism in the "Watch Tower Movement," said flatly: "We cannot combat devilish forces by vituperation, violence, or hate, for these are all the devil's own instruments, and the Bible has warned up against the folly of trying to cast out Beelzebub with Beelzebub." When Mr. Roncarelli was deprived of his license, the same *Canadian Register* said: "By forcing an arbitrary power of the Quebec Liquor Commission to subserve a frankly punitive purpose, the Provincial Government has rightly drawn upon itself a storm of protest from all sections of the community. Nothing could be more dangerous than unnecessarily to divorce punishment from trial, and to place power to inflict it in the hands of the executive authority. Arbitrary action of this sort is the highroad to totalitarianism. The cause of justice cannot be served by illegal means." Such is the present situation.

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There are two sentences in the New York *Times's* brief account of this whole fracas which stick in my mind: "Mr. Roncarelli is a convert from Catholicism, as a result, he says, of an experience in Italy. He had gone to Italy on a pleasure trip, and when he heard Benito Mussolini described from the pulpit as a 'man sent from God,' he says he lost faith and apparently ran into difficulties by publicly denouncing Mussolini as anti-religious."

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

Dakota Funeral

*He listeneth to the lark:
He listeneth and he laugheth at the sound,
Then writeth in a book like any clerk . . .
. . . odors of ploughed fields and flowery meads.
"Chaucer," by Longfellow.*

T. D. Lyons

AFTER the terrible Dakota Blizzard of January, 1888, always thereafter referred to in Dakota as the "Great Blizzard," the entire countryside was covered with heavy, deep snowdrifts. Later, heavy snows fell in February and March, but there were no more blizzards. In the last week of March, a warm south wind started blowing and blew constantly, day and night, until all the snowdrifts were melted and the entire countryside was covered with water. At night the weather was freezing and in the early morning the prairies were covered with a sheet of ice, but by noon the ice had melted and creeks and streams were all overflowing with icy water.

In May, when the weather had turned warm, the prairies were covered as far as the eye could see with a beautiful stand of grass. The buffalo grass, which was a mat grass, did not grow high, but the blue joint and the blue stem and the bunch grass grew as high, in the Dakota expression, as "the shoulders of a horse." The sight of the grass-covered prairie stretching off to the horizon for miles in every direction was a delight to the eye.

My father decided that he would have to make a trip from the Big Place southwest of De Smet to his section of land near Prairie Queen, in the Sioux River valley. I can see now what a wonderful, genial, big-hearted pioneer he was, with his mighty, golden-brown mustache and his sharp blue eye as keen as a piece of steel. No man who didn't have perfect physical health and complete good nature would have been bothered taking a five year old child such as I was on a forty mile trip in a buggy. However, such were the pleasant customs of the Dakota pioneers, and I perched in the buggy beside my father who was driving a retired trotting mare at a very slow gait, not to exceed six miles an hour, which he said would get us over the forty mile distance sooner than any attempt at fast driving.

Even as a younger boy, I had observed that the furrows of the dirt road on which we traveled were flanked by many similar grass-grown furrows of abandoned roads, and I learned afterwards that in the 1850's or '60's a military road

laid out by the United States engineers had crossed our county from the east, at the Sioux River, westward to the banks of the Missouri. When the freighters had worn the ruts in one road too deep for comfort, they merely started another one on the grass sod adjoining the old road.

After about three hours travel, we stopped to water the mare and eat some of the fried chicken and doughnuts that my mother had put in for lunch. About two hours after we had started again, we crossed a half-mile of muddy sun-baked slough, well grown up to rush grass standing six feet high, and to other sedges. About half-way across there was a small trickle of water. My father explained that this was the bed of the Vermillion River, named in the early days of the Northwest by the French explorers. Later I learned that the footprints of the French were all about us. The Jim River, on which was located Forestburg, the county seat of Miner County, was really the St. Jacques River, named for a beloved French priest. The Congress of the United States had endeavored in the Enabling Act passed in 1861 to change the name to the Dakota River, but the artificial name never did displace the traditional name. The Sioux River to the east of us was, of course, only the contraction of the name which the French applied to the Dakota nations. It was spelled Nadouewessieux, and the last syllable was applied to the Dakota nations, though many think that "Sioux" is an Indian word.

At the division of the Territory, at statehood, North Dakota certainly out-traded the "Southern Sister" in the matter of the great heritage. (a) North Dakota is called the Sioux State. (b) Its flower is the prairie wild rose; and (c) its state bird is the Western Meadow-lark (*Sturnella Neglecta*), which Audubon discovered at Fort Vermillion in 1843. Many naturalists say that the sweetest song of this prairie warbler is not surpassed by any other songbird in the world, and its long sustained flute-like notes, sometimes of ravishing sweetness and then of piercing sadness, strike upon the heart. Many times the Meadow-lark has been suggested as the national bird of the United States instead of the predacious Bald Eagle.

About two hours after we crossed the bed of the Vermillion River we reached Lake Badus, a beautiful blue water lake named by the Swiss immigrants. Then we drove on to Uncle John Rei's home, where we had a pleasant visit, and drove back in a few days to the Big Place.

About two years later, I went again on the same trip with my father, but this time it was late in July. The prairies around the Big Place were turning brown and the wheat crop was short. The rainfall had been insufficient up to about the 20th of June, when an inch of rain saved the crop. The straw was very short, but even so, the heads were good enough so that the crop made fifteen bushels to the acre. The Sioux valley, however, east of Lake Badus, where my father's one-section farm was located, had a bumper crop of Dakota No. 1 hard wheat. For some reason there was a marked difference in the rainfall in that area distant only forty miles from the Big Place.

My father had gone to Lake County to help Uncle Will get three new binders started, as the harvest was earlier there. I looked with wonder at the five big Percheron horses pulling each of the binders, and saw the canvas platform apron elevate the cut swath of ripe wheat into the canvas elevator aprons. I had heard my father tell of the wonders of the machine which bound the bundles with Manila or Sisal twine. In the old days it was necessary for a man to stand on the platform of the original reaping machine and bind the bundle with a wisp of straw. This was a back-breaker, and the modern improvement was highly admired. I walked along with two men who were doing the shocking for a few rounds, and then got tired and took a nap in the shadow of a shock, from which I was awakened by Aunt Bridget, Uncle John's wife, appearing with a jug of lemonade with cookies for the harvesters.

That night around Aunt Bridget's kitchen there were great tales of the days when my father brought the wagon train from eastern Iowa to Prairie Queen, Dakota Territory. My father told how he and his brother Jere broke the sod and planted sod-corn and sod-flax and raised sod-potatoes. He remarked that the sloughs and creeks and rivers were running bank full at that time, and what interested me most, he told about the large flock of beautiful Canadian geese that nested in a slough on their land and became so tame that they would march back and forth with the breaking plow crossing the field. Uncle Jere regarded them as his special pets and would have made short work of any hunter who tried to molest them. Indeed, in those days, my father said, the universal sentiment of the homesteaders was against killing any of the wild fowl. Real hunters went farther west across the Missouri, where the antelope and the elk and the buffalo could still be hunted, and it was rumored that

even at that late date a grizzly bear could be encountered on rare occasions in the Bad Lands. An old buffalo hunter had told Uncle John Rei of Hugh Glass's terrible fight with the grizzly bear, seventy years before, at Fort Pierre. John Coalter and Hugh Glass were the great heroes of the buffalo hunters.

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At about ten o'clock the visiting came to an end and my father suggested that since Uncle John Rei was housing a crew of harvesters, he and I would walk over to Uncle Jere's and sleep upstairs in the new granary. Uncle Will was living in the house my father had built in the early seventies, and when it was built (Uncle John reminded my father) it was the only two-story house in a hundred miles compass, and was referred to by all travelers as the "Big House." They were greatly impressed by the sight of any wooden dwelling. The ordinary was a sod house. A two-story wooden house was a marvel. We walked a mile from Rei's to Uncle Jere's, in the bright moonlight, past a magnificent field of tasseled corn, and found Uncle Jere just dousing water on a green hay smudge he had built to keep off the mosquitoes. I slept soundly on a straw-tick in one of the upper bins of the granary until Uncle Jere "hollered the harvest hands to breakfast."

The next afternoon one of the binders had to shut down on account of a broken casting. Uncle Will immediately rode his race horse to town and succeeded in getting another casting. He got back late and stopped at Uncle John Rei's at about nine o'clock at night. He did not speak to me when he came in, and did not answer my greeting, but I saw that he motioned my father and Aunt Bridget to step outside, and then I heard him say: "Well, Bridget, I have some sad news for you. Your little friend, Julia Muenchler, died at one o'clock today. I heard from Coon Klotzpaugh that they got the priest just in time. Coon Klotzpaugh drove his best team out himself."

Aunt Bridget was terribly shocked. She had been at Muenchler's only the Sunday before and combed Julia's hair for her, and then the talk went on how bright and sweet and courageous little Julia was. She evidently (as I know now) was a "consumptive" and had been "given up" for at least a year. But Aunt Bridget said that when she was there on that preceding Sunday, Anna Muenchler, Julia's mother, took her aside and began to cry. She knew then, of course, that Julia was failing fast. Little Julia, with her sharp eyes, saw her mother crying and said, "Aunt Bridget, can't you tell my mama that I am going to get well, so she will stop crying?"

"Well," Uncle Will said, "I think that about ten o'clock this forenoon, after Julia had got up

and dressed herself, she evidently had a gush of blood from her mouth and, of course, they knew that the end was near."

Aunt Bridget wept softly. My father turned away, and Aunt Bridget said to me, "Julia would have been eleven the 12th of next month, and she was such a bright little thing. When I combed her hair last Sunday I couldn't help admiring her great mass of golden red curls. I am going to ask Anna to give me two of them."

Just then, Uncle John called from the yard, "All ready," and my father and Aunt Bridget started to get in the buggy with him. He had hitched up his mules, but I was not permitted to go on the trip to Muenchler's because of the lateness of the hour. I heard afterwards that Julia's mother, before giving her little girl's body to the women to "lay out the corpse" (this was in the days before undertakers), had shorn off the beautiful golden curls and placed them in packets for friends and relatives. Aunt Bridget received three of the beautiful curls.

Julia had died on Monday and the funeral was set for Wednesday at ten a.m., at the Badus Church. Uncle Will's binders clicked steadily from daylight to dark on Tuesday, and at 5:30 a.m., Wednesday, Uncle Will and his crew were in the field, but at nine o'clock he turned over the lines to one of his hands who was doing the shocking, and came to Rei's to ride with us to the funeral. We traveled all the way to the church on section lines, two rods wide (good roads, between wonderful crops of wheat and oats and barley and rye). Uncle John did not go with us, but hitched up a fast trotter to a two-wheel cart, to get to the church early, since he was one of the pallbearers. A little before noon, in the bright Dakota sunshine, the small rough box was lowered into the deep grave in the Badus burying ground.

The Muenchlers were a prominent Swiss family, and connected with Mr. Jake Mugli, who had fostered the coming of the Swiss Colony from Switzerland to the Sioux Valley in Dakota. Mr. Mugli was a man of strong character and high intelligence, much noted for his goodness of heart. My father drew back from the mourners standing about the grave, as the sods were being shoveled in, and shook hands with Mr. Mugli and expressed his sympathy. "Yes," said Mr. Mugli, "it is very sad, but, of course, we must believe that it is better for the poor child; her case was hopeless." Then he whispered, "It is hard on the mother . . . Anna Muenchler is of my wife's family."

Then they immediately started to talk of crops and prices and the marvelous rain that had saved the crop at Redstone. "Not a day too soon," said Mr. Mugli, "that rain, I suppose."

On the way back we stopped at one of Uncle Jere's fields where there was a wonderful, sweet

odor, and I learned that it was a field of redtop clover, and then my father began talking with Uncle Jere about another field of tame grass called Timothy. I learned afterwards that Timothy was an English native grass (*phleum pratense*) which some man whose first name was Timothy had distributed in the colonies, prior to the Revolution, and hence the name Timothy. Timothy stood up high, had a fine head of very small, tiny seeds that would thrash out about six bushels to the acre and was considered far superior to millet as a cattle feed. My father and Uncle Jere talked about the wonderful stand of prairie grass and recalled the great prairie fire of the seventies, which was stopped just in the nick of time, by a backfire. My father pointed off to his fine cottonwood grove and said, "That grove wouldn't be there now if we hadn't got out with gunny sacks and barrels of water at two in the morning. The sky was red for miles around with the light of that prairie fire."

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A whirring noise attracted my attention, and a beautiful bird flew up in spirals and sang a sweet flute-like oft-repeated song. I learned that it was the Meadow-lark, and my father said, "It is a sweet song any time in the year, but it is wonderful to hear that cheery, plucky note of the Meadow-lark in the winter, from a snowbank."

That night around Aunt Bridget's kitchen the conversation, of course, turned to talk of the funeral and of Julia's death, and Aunt Bridget agreed with Mr. Mugli's statement, "that it was for the best for the poor child," since everybody knew that consumption was incurable, but she added, "I am afraid poor Anna will be sad and lonely tonight, and will miss that little bright-haired daughter more than she would have missed one of the strong, healthy children."

"Yes," Uncle Will said, "Julia has been sick for three years and she has been a care to her mother all that time, and I found out, ten years ago when my boy Johnny died of scarlet-fever, after months of lingering sickness, that the one you miss most is one that has been 'a care' to you."

We walked again over to Uncle Jere's granary and climbed the ladder to the second story to sleep in the bins. The moonlight was bright and I was wakeful. I had been somewhat excited by the events of the day. Finally I fell into a sort of a doze and dreamed that the snow was falling and swirling on little Julia's grave and that her mother was looking out the window at the swirling snow and thinking of her little golden-haired daughter lying in the grave under the snowbank; and that then the Meadow-lark suddenly rose out of the snowbank, as my father had told, and poured forth a rich flute-like melody above the grave.

To a "Friend of the Soviets"

JAMES RORTY

THANKS for sending me the October 31, 1946, issue of the *Reporter on American Soviet Relations*. I have read it with interest and care, not so much because of its content, which is rather obvious—and obviously controlled—party-line propaganda, but because you, who are unquestionably a loyal and patriotic American as well as a highly-trained and able professional man, evidently swallow this propaganda yourself and expected me to swallow it.

Since you accept this propaganda so uncritically, I can only suppose that you also accept and believe communist propaganda to the effect that the reason I don't swallow it is because I and persons like me are "red-baiters." And once you have come to believe this—that almost anything done or written or said with the object of exposing the communist fifth columns in this and other countries is ipso facto the work of "red-baiters"—then your reading and consequently your thinking becomes, so to speak, self-censored. So that you thenceforth become a functioning part of the disposable apparatus of communist propaganda and pressure in this country. You read and believe the Communist and crypto-Stalinist Press. You believe and repeat with genuine conviction the things you are induced to believe and repeat by your friends who may be somewhat less innocent, who believe their friends, who are crypto-Stalinists taking their orders directly or indirectly from the MGB agents who direct in this country the espionage and propaganda activities of the present Soviet régime.

Some of these things that you believe and repeat are simply Big Lies which, as all well-schooled totalitarians both red and brown know so well, are often easier to disseminate than little lies. For example, I heard you tell a luncheon meeting of professional people that the whole Russian people are solidly behind the régime of Josef Stalin; hence, if we went to war with Russia we should have to fight *all* the Russians. Actually, of course, not even Hitler had to fight all the Russians. On the contrary, he was substantially aided by major desertions from the Russian forces, including one whole Ukrainian army. Actually, the idea that Stalin is unanimously supported is made ridiculous by the almost continuous purges that go on in Russia, involving sometimes the heads of autonomous Soviet Republics, sometimes the directors of industries, sometimes four-star generals of the army and sometimes writers.

A purge of Russian writers is currently in progress,

the latest victim being Mikhail Zoshchenko, who has been called Russia's Walt Disney.

It is in fact the fate of Mr. Zoshchenko and its pertinence to the problems of building American-Soviet friendship that moves me to write you this letter. It was Mr. Zoshchenko's "Adventures of a Monkey" that caused his expulsion from the the Soviet Writers' Guild. The story was translated by Mr. Wallace R. Deuel of the Chicago *Daily News* Foreign Service and has been published in the Scripps-Howard newspapers of Sunday, December 8, 1946.

Significantly, Mr. Zoshchenko's story was denounced by Lt. Gen. Zhdanov, one of the leading candidates for Stalin's mantle. General Zhdanov said Zoshchenko's story was "vulgar, shameless, abominable, filthy, obscene, base morally and politically degraded, poisonous, and 'middle class.'"

Actually, the story is none of these things, as I think you will agree, if only I can persuade you to read it. You ought to, really, because Mr. Zoshchenko is, or should be a charter member of American-Soviet Friendship, Inc. In this story he has tried, heroically, and at the cost of his livelihood, if not his life, to combat the drum-beating chauvinism by which the dominant expansionist wing of the Politburo is attempting to condition the mind of the Russian people. Hence, the rage of General Zhdanov.

If American-Soviet Friendship, Inc. were what its name implies, Mr. Zoshchenko would have been an appropriate chairman of the Moscow chapter of the organization. (Do you mean to tell me that American-Soviet Friendship, Inc. has no Moscow chapter? That in fact it functions only in this country and has only American members? But how then, since it takes a fifty-fifty exchange of confidence and service to make a friendship, can American-Soviet Friendship, Inc. be what it pretends to be?)

★

But enough of irony. Can we not try, you and I, to deal honestly with this situation.

The facts are that Mr. Zoshchenko, by means of his Esopian fable, was trying to prevent war between this country and Russia and promote a tolerant understanding among Russians of the world beyond the Iron Curtain of the Russian censorship. For this attempt he has been denounced and possibly, by this time, "liquidated." His heroic attempt is one of many proofs that the Soviet People are *not* united behind Stalin—or Zhdanov. With what bewilderment and exasperation Mr. Zoshchenko would have heard you parrot that Big Lie of the Party Line about Soviet unity. Because if it were true, the situation would indeed be almost hopeless, as it would be hopeless if this country were united behind William Randolph Hearst or Colonel McCormick.

The Russian People despite their censorship and their MVD espionage and terror, are not united behind their war party. It is, therefore, the duty of sincere liberals like yourself to support the party of peace and conciliation in Russia instead of serving as the unconscious tools of the régime that is today mobilizing the mind of the Russian people for war. When you defend the aggressive policy of that régime, as does the bulletin of American-Soviet Friendship, Inc., which you in turn support, you are thereby betraying the hope for peace and the struggle for peace that is being waged not only in the democratic countries but also back of the Iron Curtain, in Russia, and in its tricked and terrorized satellite states.

Can you not see that only after American policy stiffened and achieved at least the beginning of intelligibility under Secretary Byrnes, that only then did the true friends of Peace back of the Iron Curtain begin to take heart and hope? Can you not see that when you back Molotov, who with Zhdanov heads the war party inside the Politburo, you are helping to promote war, not peace? That you are betraying not only the people of your own country but also the peace-hungry, but terrorized, lied-to, and helpless people of Russia and her satellites?

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It is quite true that war between Russia and the United States would constitute, probably, the final disaster to civilization. It is also true, I think, that war is not inevitable or even probable—provided that people like yourself can be waked up in time.

The collapse of Stalin's fifth column apparatus in this and other countries would certainly reduce the war danger. Since I want peace I want to see these fifth columns exposed and suppressed. No threat to our tradition of civil liberties will thereby be entailed. On the contrary that is by this time the only way we can defend the status of true liberals. That is the only way we can protect the traditions and the institutions of freedom against the insidious, disintegrating forces of totalitarian expansion.

That, of course, is only half the task and not the most important half. Even more critical is the necessity that goads "red-baiters" like myself to project and support in print positive programs of world disarmament and world rehabilitation far more sweeping—and more honest and realistic—than anything you will find proposed in *PM* or in the *Reporter on American-Soviet Relations*.

One concluding word. It is embarrassing for me to have to tell an intelligent and honest person like yourself that I quite definitely *know* you to be misinformed and deceived; that your confidence has been abused; that your rôle is that of an unwitting catpaw of one of the cruelest des-

potisms the world has ever known. Your position is a tragic one that one day you will bitterly regret. Three days spent in the study of materials that I shall gladly put at your disposal would rid you of your present infatuation. I submit that you owe those three days to yourself and to your country.

Communications

"RAPE OF PALESTINE"

London, England.

TO the Editors: May I have the courtesy of your space to say something about a book called "The Rape of Palestine," which was lately re-published in America and was actually advertised in *THE COMMONWEAL*, and appears to enjoy a wide circulation.

The book is highly critical of the manner in which the British are carrying out their Mandate in Palestine, and it is very far from my intention to attack it on that score. We have in Britain many people of unquestioned honesty and intelligence who criticize Britain's Palestine policy as being short-sighted, narrow and weak, although there are a number of other persons of equal honesty and intelligence who defend it.

Controversy, however, should be carried on without the grosser forms of slander, and these unfortunately are what the author of "The Rape of Palestine" fails to avoid. From a number of utterly outrageous statements I wish for the moment only to choose one according to which, "Jews may be taken and shot on the street by any soldier or police officer, without benefit of trial or even charge, under the emergency law promulgated by the British High Commissioner, Sir Alan Cunningham."

Not only is this statement untrue, it cannot claim even to be a distortion of the truth. It is a statement utterly unrelated to any real fact or circumstance. Sir Alan Cunningham has not only not promulgated such a law, he has promulgated no law which bears the faintest resemblance to such a law. Any soldier or policeman who acted in the manner described would promptly be dealt with as a common murderer. The above may be cited as an example of the lie outright, and I could cite a host of others.

As a specimen of a different kind of slander, namely one in which a substratum of truth has been grossly and malignantly distorted, I would cite the following. "Palestine citizens are rounded up by the thousands and without trial are sent off to concentration camps in Africa, which is the last their families hear of them. Nothing like this has been seen since the brutal days of the Nazi deportations in Poland."

Here the substratum of truth is admitted. That a certain number of Palestinian citizens have been deported to Africa without formal trial is true. They are people suspected of terrorist activities who have been removed to Eritrea and kept under guard there. This is a procedure which it is perfectly legitimate for a state to undertake in a time of emergency. It is exactly the same procedure

that was taken against Sir Oswald Mosley and his followers under the well known Regulation 18B.

It is, however, untrue that "thousands" have been dealt with in this way. The number of those held in Eritrea is approximately 250, and has never exceeded 300.

Further, the word "concentration camp" has almost certainly deliberately been used to mislead. The camp is an ordinary camp and in no sense a place of punishment, let alone of torture. The statement that this is the last their relatives ever hear of them, is a lie. Detainees receive regular mails.

If I were to set about making an exposure of the full mendacity of this publication, I should need several issues of THE COMMONWEAL in which to do it. I would, however, like to deal with one more statement which I happen to have inquired into personally. This statement, though it grossly traduces the whole character of a great and enlightened administrator, whom it represents as a sort of languid snob, may not be so serious in itself, but it is interesting as an example of the author's utter irresponsibility. Sir Ronald Storrs is quoted as saying (no reference is given) the following about the Jews: "They almost forgot the difference between themselves and their employers. My first chauffeur was a Jew. He was an excellent driver, but it never occurred to him to brush me down after I got out of the car. I stood it for three months, and then I engaged an Arab chauffeur in his stead." I wrote to Sir Ronald Storrs and asked him for his observations, and am authorized to publish his reply. He states:

(1) I never had a Jewish chauffeur at all in Palestine, but from the beginning, and so long as I was able to keep a car, a British Christian chauffeur.

(2) I never heard of a chauffeur who would brush me down after I got out of the car. What new refinement of leisure is this?

(3) There is therefore not the faintest, lightest or slightest foundation in word or deed for this scandalous, libelous and unmitigated lie.

I feel that the above will suffice to support the plea I desire to make through these columns, namely that those who happen to read this book should reserve their judgment and refrain from blindly accepting statements which imply that the British in Palestine are behaving like a gang of criminal lunatics. May I also appeal to Catholic leaders, both clerical and lay, to beware of innocently allowing their names to be used (as some of them have done) by those who have made themselves guilty of grave and flagrant breaches of the eighth commandment.

J. L. BENVENISTI.

CHRISTIAN DEMOCRACY IN SPAIN

Paris, France

TO the Editors: As an assiduous reader of THE COMMONWEAL I was extremely interested in the documentation which you presented (October 11, 1946) on the question of Christian democracy in Spain, and I find myself in agreement with your attitude. I have just read the replies and objections to your stand expressed in letters to the editors from Catherine D. McLean and

Ross J. S. Hoffman (November 8, 1946). Such sterling characters [*braves gens*] show an excessively idealistic conception of the state of Catholicism in Franco's Spain. I have at hand a very seriously documented report from a priest who spent some time in Spain and who has, surely, a greater and more concrete apostolic perspicacity than that natural in those who travel to Spain as delegates to some congress [in this particular case as delegates to the congress of Pax Romana—The Editors] and receive the customary courtesies of Spanish hospitality. Official pressure brought to bear by every means, including economic means, is odious in both the moral and juridical meaning of the word odious. What this pressure brings is a State Religion in the most obsolete sense of the term. It goes without saying that, in a more or less distant future, such conditions prepare the revolt of souls rising to reclaim the first of all freedoms.

It seems to me difficult to accept without protestation any solidarity with a régime which thus corrupts our faith through political means. That is why I am expressing to you categorically my opinion as a theologian—an opinion based on information which has been most conscientiously checked.

The Reverend M. D. CHENU, O.P.,

Master in Theology,

Professor, Couvent de Saint-Jacques.

P.S. May I say also that I am extremely pleased at your providing the information and facts contained in the article on "The Estrada Incident" (THE COMMONWEAL, November 1, 1946).

CANADA'S IMMIGRATION POLICY

Outremont, P.Q., Canada.

TO the Editors: Your editorial of December 6 on Canadian Immigration policy raises questions which as a Canadian I cannot but feel you have neglected. Perhaps this is because Canada appears deceptively similar to your country and consequently lends itself easily to erroneous analysis on the part of foreigners, particularly foreigners from below the 49th parallel. Whatever the cause, your statements to the effect that Canada's policy of immigration on the basis of past employment or profession leads in some cases to a frustration of the ends of policy can have no such excuse. Given the end, what else would you have Canada do? It may be that some professional people among Zionist Jews and other groups would undertake farming; on the other hand a good many would not. If Canada were to admit these professional classes because they promised to become farmers, she could hardly evict them later on if, because of alleged incompetence or wilful design, they abandoned agriculture. Of course, there would be a group, necessarily small, which would idealistically give up the professions for a life on the land. But for the handful of these zealots there would be many who had no firm intention to stay in agriculture.

Until we have developed a technique of thought detection that borders on the supernatural we must use the present rough-and-ready rule.

But to the fundamental policy you make no objection. And yet perhaps here, if you have been sufficiently acquainted with Canadian problems, you might have made a more radical objection.

For in the opinion of a large class of Canadians, Canada does not really need more farmers; it needs less, especially as the techniques of farming now do not require as much manpower as formerly and also because Canada has been too long a producer of primary goods. Economic theory and history combine to show that a country only raises its standard of living by venturing into secondary and finally tertiary and service goods production.

Perhaps the real question is not one of immigration but emigration. Emigration of American and American-dominated cartels that have effectively strangled our national economy. (Note in this connection, The Royal Report on Canada and Cartels, particularly, for instance, where Canadian endeavors in the secondary or tertiary industries were mercilessly frustrated by American intercartel agreements.)

Immigration of trained workers for Canadian industries and emigration of American monopolies from Canada; this is our real need. E. WILLIAMS.

The Stage & Screen

Androcles And The Lion

IT IS TRUE the phenomenon of Shaw to music is an interesting one, one wonders how he would like it. Nevertheless, it is necessary to state that the only major quibble to be attached to this delightful production of the American Repertory Theatre will be that the Marc Blitzstein score drowns everything, including the house, and should be muted at once. Otherwise the business is beautiful: as gay and thoughtful as necessary. As everyone knows, the drama deals with the evolutionary (Butlerian) religious conclusions of the master—sorted out among Martyrs and Pagans, one small Saint, and a most Christian Lion, whose grasp of the art of terpsichore and the quality of gratitude, makes the play. It is very funny, very short, very neat. And handled, I think, expertly by the company. Wolfgang Roth's settings and dress are important. There is a quarrel with the prologue's startling Gauguinesque drop, in that it is lovely before the characters enter, but busy and distracting once they are on. But the sheer, paper frivolity of the two Arena scenes is exactly styled, and the visible turntable arrangement intriguing. Concerning this last device—where the set turns in a luke light so that all can be seen—I think the director (Miss Webster) should style the actors' movements somewhat more. There should not be fumbles, scuffles and whispering on the part of the people, when the engine works so well. Or else, these should be planned. All of the playing is good: Ernest-Truex's gentle Androcles, Victor Jory's anguished Ferrovius, June Duprez's adult Lavinia especially. And whoever the extra Martyr in spectacles is, the mere fact

of him overjoyed me. As for the Lion, John Becher's interpretation and Remo Bufano's design seemed to me only second to those of the littlest Mammoth in Thornton Wilder's opus some years ago. I do not know how many people can share my fondness for the double illusion of built animals on the stage. As Shaw himself has somewhere remarked (in 1891, to be exact), in the new drama (and how one wishes there had been one since then) "there are no villains and no heroes." Perhaps the only possible new hero must be an animal—a false one, played by a man—to whom all of the virtues are compatible, and whose innocence cannot be rationalized. It's a serious thought. But in the meantime, this Shavian-Becherian-Bufanian Lion serves very well indeed.

The curtain-raiser to the above, called "Pound On Demand" is very silly. I imagine it to be the earliest possible O'Casey, and must say it comes off as all lame duck. I should skip it, I think. (*at the International*)

Wonderful Journey

THE BACKWARDS JOURNEY—from Hollywood to Broadway—has never worked wonderfully in my experience, and I'm afraid Theron Bamberger's and Richard Skinner's present production is no exception. Widely distributed and enjoyed years ago as the movie, "Here Comes Mr. Jordan," Harry Segall's fantasy does not fit the boards with much grace, seems overstuffed and old. Everyone works very hard, Philip Loeb's picture of a harassed Fight Manager is in his own excellent line, but it seems to me impossible to be curious about something whose whole point is invention, when the invention is already known. (*at the Coronet*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

Here We Go Again

IN THE BUSY life of a reviewer there comes a pause in the year's occupation when he is allowed to stop and look back. Because it is customary to name "ten best" at this time, I shall follow the custom. But because the word "best" is so frequently misused, I shall name the pictures of 1946 that I preferred without limiting myself to the rules of "ten" or "best." A list like this (made, by the way, only for adults) serves at least one good purpose. If you agree with my preference for the past year, you will probably agree with my future likes and dislikes. If you disagree with my 1946 choices, you'll know just where you stand with this column during 1947. And may Hollywood take the hindmost!

Among the foreign language films, I preferred:

"*The Open City*"—because this Italian movie about little people during the Nazi occupation of Rome recognized the dignity of man in spite of the horrors of war and realistically visualized, in good cinematic terms, its hero-priest's statement before the firing squad: "It's not difficult to die well; it is difficult to live right."

"*The Well-Digger's Daughter*"—because Raimu gave a magnificent performance, in this French film, as a widower-father who learned to love his grandson born out of wedlock.

Among the films made in England, I preferred:

"*Henry V*"—for its acting, technicolor, Shakespearean poetry and imaginative cinema (after it moved out of the Globe Theater).

"*Brief Encounter*"—for the excellent acting of its leads and the realistic love story about two unglamorous, middle-aged people.

"*Dead of Night*"—for its adult use of horror in telling several gripping psychological tales.

"*Stairway to Heaven*"—for its charming fantasy that could be taken straight, for its satire and ingenuity in cinema.

And among the Hollywood productions, I preferred:

"*A Walk in the Sun*"—because Lewis Milestone's direction of an all-male cast in a sincere story showed war in its unglamorous reality.

"*The Best Years of Our Lives*"—for its honest and courageous portrayal of three returning veterans and what they came back to. In spite of certain flaws in its story's solution, this film's production, William Wyler's direction and the entire cast combined to make a great motion picture.

"*Anna and the King of Siam*"—for its deft handling of the two title characters and an amusing fictionized biography.

"*My Darling Clementine*"—for John Ford's direction, the good cast and beautiful photography in this "western" for grown-ups.

"*Diary of a Chambermaid*"—for its brilliant satire of a last-century French period piece.

"*The Spiral Staircase*"—for its successful attempt to make a thriller about a heroine who could not talk and for Dorothy McGuire's sensitive portrayal of this rôle.

"*The Jolson Story*"—for being the most entertaining musical of the year.

"*It's a Wonderful Life*"—for James Stewart's performance and Frank Capra's direction of a story that allowed the richness of life to shine through its thick sentiment.

And so it goes. I could add more, but 14 is a good number to stop on. Anyway I have to hurry to the movies to start seeing next year's crop. Let's hope 1947 brings us fewer vapid boys meeting inane girls, and more examples of cinema as an art—both fine and popular.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

The Meeting of East and West. F. S. C. Northrop. Macmillan. \$5.00.

THIS IS the kind of book that used to be written by Germans. Hegel, of course, with his "Philosophy of History" was the grandfather of all such comprehensive *Weltanschauungs*: more recently there were Count Keyserling, Oswald Spengler, with his "Decline of the West," and many more.

The thesis of Professor Northrop's magistral tome—

close on five-hundred pages long—"negates the three-termed relation of appearance as a basis for joining the esthetically immediate, purely empirical component in knowledge to the theoretical component, and substitutes for it the two-termed relation of epistemic correlation." It does this "in order to arrive at that conception of good conduct and the good state" which is valid for everybody, because it "rests upon the conception of man and nature as determined by immediate apprehension with respect to the esthetic component, and by the methods of natural science with respect to the theoretical component—procedures which, when correctly applied, give the same results for one person that they give for another." Religious doctrine is defined, ideally, as an identification of the Far Eastern Divine, which is identified with the "true self, with the all-embracing, indeterminate, undifferentiated, and hence positively indescribable portion of the esthetic component, and the theistic view, whereby the Divine and the human soul are identified with certain primary factors in the theoretic component of the nature of things."

The method by which these conclusions are arrived at, is to study, in turn, Mexican, British, US, German, Russian, Roman Catholic and Greek, cultures, and, subsequently, first the traditional cultures of the Orient, conglomerately, then China, India and Islam severally, concluding with chapters on "The solution of the basic problem," and on "Practical wisdom."

The style, and the actual quality of prose are, to borrow one of Professor Northrop's own trade terms, sadly dichotomous. Phrases like "the immediately apprehended indeterminate esthetic continuum" neighbor others such as "no transcendental hocus-pocus breaking into our lives." In the face of types in the Mexican National Museum, the Professor declares "one is forced to pinch oneself to be sure one is not dreaming" and further declares, "upon the very spot which presses against the soles of our shoes it is probable that human sacrificial worship . . . took place." And it is difficult to know which is more toe-blush makingly cheap "the Sunshine Limited weaves its way" or the paean he sings before Miss Georgia O'Keefe's abstract paintings: "one is forced to apprehend the esthetic component reality by itself for its own sake" . . . one is faced with pure fact "with all its emotive quale and ineffable luminosity."

He has searching truths to offer about England and America. The bitterness with which the Mexicans regard our Lockean respect for property rights, and our Protestant valuation of them above human rights, is well stated (thank God Mr. Bevin is not ashamed that he stole when he was starving) and Professor Northrop wonderfully castigates "Anglo America with its polly-annic tendency . . . its life under the elms as if there were no desire there also." His observation that even Newton's physics presupposes "in its method of experimental verification, the sensed qualities and the sensed space and time" is a big hole through which a bigger cat than Newton's may perhaps jump into the Professor's mind. His admission that the contributions of Brown and Roger Williams are none the less significant, although "self-interest promoted and inconsistency accompanied them" is sonorously Augustinian. And he rightly sees that to function and preserve itself, democracy must be accompanied by two conditions: universal education, and "that this education must concern itself with man's basic beliefs concerning the nature of man and the universe."

Here is Saul indeed among the prophets of Catholic schools!

He trounces the Protestant tradition as no Catholic of today (our good manners being so evident since 1917) would dare. "A religion ungrounded in reason and without theology . . . is a religion which does not know what it means by the words which it uses." The pursuit of the Anglo-American and modern Protestant faith to its necessary conclusion leads, he says, to scepticism and demoralization. "One cannot, through Protestant teaching and traditional political and economic teaching over centuries, permit one's emotions and moral convictions to become attached to a set of theoretical, scientific and philosophical presuppositions which were reasonable and adequate for the seventeenth century, but which have been demonstrated both in theory and practice to be inadequate for the twentieth, and expect anything but momentary emotional uneasiness and confusion and even demoralization to result." And he concludes that so much of modern Protestantism has become "an intellectually empty, emotionally tepid, morally and socially inadequate, esthetically blind, religion." Unfortunately, for all his distaste for Protestantism, and his warm and very real appreciation of the Church, he is woefully misinformed and inaccurate about her. The Jesuits, he declares, taught in Mexico from forbidden books "French ideas, every one of which is on the Index"; and acquiesced in the Mexican adoration of the Virgin as Divine in her own right (an error the Chinese, by the way, never committed: both *yang* and *ying*, the male and female principles, being sustained by the uncreated Tao) and surely he cannot really believe that Catholic doctrine teaches "Christ *had* to come into the world because God, immediately, in His own nature, is not here?"

Yet he is also maddeningly often right, like a tennis player scoring with a ridiculously amateur stroke. No one ever better analyzed Lord Haldane, with his post-Kantian attitude that "man can only justify his own true nature through social relations and action." And he rightly perceives that for the Mexicans art is a necessity of life, not a luxury, whereas for the English-speaking world it tends to be "a luxury or an afterthought, or else a hash of souvenirs without integrity." He is admirable on Hooker, and his whole treatment of the political thought which, in post-Reformation England and America has taken over the functions of philosophy, is first-rate. But just as he is proving himself an adult, serious thinker, some incredible naïveté pops up: such as "the truth, as Anita Brenner has shown" or references, frequently with bated breath, to the "Encyclopaedia Britannica (14th edition)." But in his facing as the essential condition of democracy, the acceptance of responsibility, he is completely grown-up. "It is unequivocally dishonest to lay upon politicians the blame for a failure to follow principle," he writes, "if they will not follow principles, then the responsibility is the peoples's, in a democracy, to put men there who will." But how sad, after this splendid admission, to find the Negro problem rates only half a page!

On German Idealism and Russian Communism he is thorough, but uninspired, though he does realize that part of the appeal of communism is that it has restored to modern man what was lost at the Reformation—the concept of the person. Marx treats man as a creature with a body, "having continuous energy requirements in

the form of food," whereas Locke saw man only as a legal person; Hume, Mill and Bentham saw him as an association of sense-data. "The individual human being is one—substance, body and soul being material and formal components—the Catholic conception of the human being is much nearer the Marxian than that of the traditional Protestant . . . since the soul is the form of the material body, and a human being, for the Catholic as for the Marxian, by his very nature has material physical needs of a definite, formal material kind." But again, it is a little childish to state pontifically "before Soviet Russia can have a correct ideology . . . certain unjustified portions of her Marxian philosophy must be dropped"—no doubt this is true, but sez who?

In the Oriental sections there is a superb analysis of the idea of Nirvana. But the language is indigestible: "the immediately experienced esthetic continuum" for example is repeated four times on two pages, and the vocabulary consists almost exclusively of words of four or more syllables. Yet his awareness that Orientals are "more thorough-going empiricists even than Hume," and his analysis of the devastating realism of Buddhist thought, is useful, as is his delightful explanation of "wock-jah" (the Chinese for "perhaps") and the technique of "face-saving"—the only humorous moment in the book. His excellently substantiated, categorical statement that the "four Oriental religions are not pantheist" should be hung up framed in every Christian home. But surely neither the Indian, the Oriental generally, nor the Western Spaniard believe, as he claims they do, that emotion or passion is of the essence of the divine nature? Formless, faceless, without body, parts or passions, in their negative theology John of the Cross and Confucius are in agreement here to contradict Professor Northrop.

There is a French proverb "*qui trop embrasse, mal étreint*," which every reader of "The Meeting of East and West" however interested will translate in one sense or another.

ANNE FREMANTLE.

Dear Fatherland, Rest Quietly. Margaret Bourke-White. S. & S. \$3.00.

WHEN YOU give a book a sarcastic title you have already told your reader how you are going to treat your subject. I guess Miss Bourke-White has innumerable reasons to be sarcastic about Germans, nazis and the poor job we are now doing over there. Not that the average American necessarily is so ignorant of Germany, its history, its cultural milieu and of the meaning of what happened since 1933. What seems to be wrong is something else: people went in there with no willingness to learn from the facts. They had their interpretations all ready, indoctrinated by propaganda and their childhood ideas of Germans. I admit that Miss Bourke-White makes an heroic effort and often succeeds in being simply an open-minded observer with decent, human emotions coloring her picture and sanity guiding her. The book is vivid, warm and almost fascinating, although its success is going to be hampered by the fact that it is about a year too late for its own purposes. I hope it will be read by the many people who are already beginning to forget what it was really like when our armies entered the vanquished enemy's land after bursting open that iron curtain.

Some of the shortcomings of the book are the pub-

lishers' fault. They are a large firm and they could well afford having somebody check up on spelling. Not all German "u's" are dotted (ü) as so many Americans seem to think, just as they think that Germans all live in Victorian houses with cumbersome furniture. The river flowing through Munich is the Isar, not "Esar"; the head man of an organization is an Obmann, not "Obermann"; a returning immigrant is a re-migrant, not a "re-immigrant"; the famous Boettcher Street in Bremen was not fake medieval, but restored medieval and ultra-modern, nor did it have an "s" too much. There is no such thing as "sparkling red Moselle" and the mayor of Cologne's name was Wallraff, not "Wallrath." The book is so full of incidental misinformation—which does not affect its thesis too much—that this review would look like a schoolmaster's if I continued pointing them out.

I have to take the bright and charming authoress to task, because I wish she, like many others, would stop telling us about imperfections of the Germans which, if they were there, still would have little to do with the basic ones. My inherited German blood boils when I read flippant references to the consummate bad taste of all Germans in almost everything, especially from people who publish a few quite indelicate pictures themselves. The Victorian monstrosities of the Krupps at Essen have unfortunate parallels, many of them on our own shores, that are so hideous that present-day over-sophistication finds them "charming." What on earth have all these snap judgments to do with the real issue of the book? Did we fight the Nazis and the Germans because we did not like their houses or to improve their taste? The tragic thing is that with this kind of immature "contempt" propaganda we have completely confused our own people, so that when they get there and find clean, washed, well-dressed and good looking people who have bathrooms and use lipstick, they call the whole thing off and feel they fought the wrong people, since Italy and France, e.g., don't care so much about these things. Too bad that this attitude shines through most of the chapters of this book which really has a quite serious mission.

Miss Bourke-White has shown three things. First, "how surprisingly few Germans were willing to accept any responsibility for either the rise of nazism or the launching of the war." . . . They "act as though the nazis were a strange race of Eskimos who came down from the North Pole and somehow invaded Germany." She shows this especially in the repulsive attempts at self-exoneration of several upper middle-class people like the steel czar, Rohland. The "tendency to place on England the responsibility for Hitler's rise was becoming so widespread that I [the author] heard it from German women on street corners, and I heard it even from American soldiers coming back from Germany." No wonder then that "Hitler won," even in the minds of most Germans' who feel they are suffering a grave injustice and make a mental note of every mistake of the victors to keep the smoldering ember in the back of their minds aglow!

The author's second message is embodied in the depressing statement that, from the two congressmen who drove to the black market in Berlin to make a haul even before they went to their hotel, to the looting and black-marketeering privates and officers, we have done everything possible to make the malevolent German observer feel that the average democratic man is as much open to corruption and is as greedy as their old nazis bosses, and

that the word justice in the mouth of their leaders has an awkward sound.

I don't say, of course, that the systematic enormity of German looting in conquered Europe, which seems to have been perpetrated on a governmental and big shot basis, can rightfully be compared with the private pilfering and souvenir-hunting of officers and soldiers. But a resentful and vindictive enemy has watchful eyes, and all we have to do is close our own eyes to these misdemeanors in order to furnish the tinder for righteous indignation in the Germans. They salved their consciences—and that is really at the root of all their atrocities—by transferring their responsibility to the nazis. Miss Bourke-White shows here that we are failing tragically to bring home this lesson. We seem to have no ideas in our baggage.

The author does a great and courageous job by pointing out a subtle kind of sabotage which is being perpetrated behind the backs of the American people by those who, according to her, arrest the little guy and throw him into camp, while Prince August Wilhelm, the top industrialists and the better class people get all the consideration which their fellow-better-class Americans can possibly interpret into the rules. If her charge is true, what a fine lesson in democracy! The German bishops made an outraged appeal to the Allies to re-instate the concept of true justice in the German mind. While they did not seem to have this instance in mind, as their applications show, they could have used it with great effect. I think this is a very serious part of Miss Bourke-White's book and, since she makes her hints obvious enough to trace the cases, I hope that her book will not be passed off as a sort of morbid entertainment.

H. A. REINHOLD.

Charleston: Photographic Studies. F. S. Lincoln. Corinthian Publications. \$5.00.

ONE MIGHT pick flaws in this album of Charleston photographs by Mr. Lincoln. One might ask why he slighted the architecture of the nineteenth century, why, for example, he omitted the Nathaniel Russell house (easily the most beautiful house in America of the Federal period), or why he included no view of St. Philip's Church. But such quibbling is hardly to the point. No one can thumb through this book without sensing that Mr. Lincoln is a masterful photographer, adept at expressing that intangible something which John Ruskin guessed was the golden stain of time. This reviewer, who happens to have taken a good many snapshots of American architecture, is black with envy at the perfection of Mr. Lincoln's picture of the Miles Brewton house. And as for the view of Joseph Manigault's gate-lodge, it conveys the very ochred essence of decay.

If Mr. Lincoln has taken infinite pains with these photographs, opening his lens at exactly the right time of day, and waiting hour upon hour for that particular moment when no automobile or pedestrian breaks in upon the scene, his publishers are to be equally congratulated on the extreme care with which they have reproduced his work. The book is a masterpiece of printing; of the photographer and of the pressman. "Charleston" is the ideal gift book for all splendid occasions. Here, for five dollars, are seventy-three enchanting pictures of the loveliest of American cities.

WAYNE ANDREWS.

Impressions That Remained. Ethel Smyth. Introduction by Ernest Newman. Knopf. \$5.00.

DAME ETHEL SMYTH is a name unknown to most Americans, although her opera, "Der Wald," is the only opera composed by a woman to have been sung at the Metropolitan. In Germany, her work was applauded by Brahms, Henschel, Mottl, and Bruno Walter. In England it required the combined insistence of Queen Victoria and the Empress Eugénie to win a performance of Smyth's "Mass in D"; her three operas were heard but once each in London, and the fine productions arranged for them in Germany in 1914 were canceled by the First World War, which ended all Ethel Smyth's hopes of real recognition—poor substitutes being Honorary Doctorates at Oxford and Durham and the title awarded her in 1922 of Dame of the British Empire. She died in 1944 at the age of 86, frustrated both in public and private life and yet preserving to the end a tumultuous gust for life.

It was her ill fate to be born in a period when creative musical genius was supposedly a masculine prerogative. Brahms, on hearing her first songs, remarked, "These could not have been written by a woman." The same attitude, more exaggerated in England, drove Dame Ethel to militant suffragism. She loved only one man but was continuously involved in enthusiastic friendships with women whose sudden deaths kept her constantly grieving, and her hero worship of the beautiful Lisl von Herzogenberg wound up in a devastating finish from which Ethel's affections never recovered. The five hundred pages of this memoir are written round this episode.

Six girls and two boys, the Smyths enjoyed the healthy routine of English country life in the household of a retired Indian General at Frimhurst near Aldershot. Mrs. Smyth was half French. On hearing one day that her coachman had mistaken her orders and had driven off, leaving her stranded in a neighbor's drawing-room, she fainted dead away from boredom. For Ethel, tedium was relieved by her enthusiasm for hunting and tennis, but then, having decided that music was her real life, she locked herself in her room until her father consented to her going to Leipzig to study.

In Leipzig, music came as naturally as beer to all the three coteries of society—the rich burghers, the dowdy University set, and the artists (all musical). Ethel enjoyed the comforts of the burghers, but her intimates were the von Herzogenbergs who were musicians and aristocrats. Eleven years her senior, the beautiful Lisl von Herzogenberg playfully adopted the turbulent English girl as her "daughter," and not a day went by without Ethel taking some meal with her friends. Unfortunately, Lisl's sister had married an Anglo-American called H. B. Brewster, who lived in Florence when Ethel came to know them. The Brewsters had made a pact that their union should terminate once either found anyone he or she loved better. H. B. found Ethel. The Brewsters invited her to talk things over, but Ethel's principles forced her to withdraw. Malicious friends, however, twisted the story, and Lisl, prodded by her mother, broke the bond with Ethel. Lisl died ten years later, unrelenting. Brewster, as soon as his wife died, implored Ethel to marry him, but she put music before matrimony and he had to be content with her friendship.

Ethel loved her life in Germany, but recalls on one occasion when she mentioned the Empress Fredericka to

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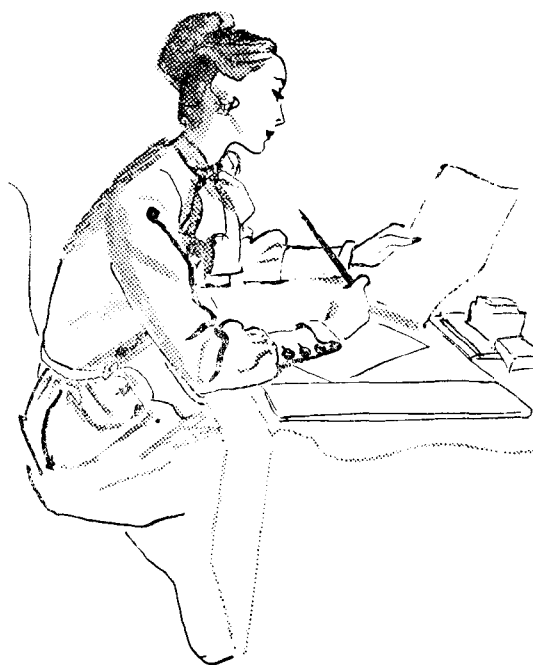
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Mendelssohn's son-in-law, he shook his fist under her nose, shouting, "How *dare* you say she is an English Princess? She married our Crown Prince and is a German, a *German*, a *GERMAN!*" "*Der Papaschlägt die Ethel*," cried the children. A curious sketch is of Father Kneipp and his cure in Bavaria, where the patients lived among the cows and dung heaps of a primitive peasantry and the cure consisted in kneeling in a tub in a shed and being doused with very cold water. The good Father was astounded to hear that his cold water was a daily custom in England. He was a wonderfully kind old man with an instinct for healing and diagnosis and infinite faith in herbs and water.

Ethel visited Father Kneipp with some Catholic friends, the Trevelyans, and it was due to them and their lending her an "Imitation of Christ" that she had a sudden conversion. She rushed back to pay her mother a visit; kept her temper with her family, and was on her way to seek Cardinal Newman's blessing on the day he died. But, because she decided that a Kempis would not have approved of Shakespeare's sonnets, she remained outside the Church. Nor did she join the Anglicans, although another intimate friend was Nellie Benson, daughter of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Mrs. Benson was so unorthodox that she christened a very ragged, spiky row of flowers in the garden, the "Apostolic Succession." Although the Archbishop had such an aversion for Ethel that she had to be smuggled into the house, she had great respect for him.

The author of Wagner's biography, considers "Impressions That Remained" among the best six autobiographies in English: a dictum I cannot endorse. It remains for someone to edit her four or five volumes of memoirs, reducing the clutter of family material and adding her reminiscences of the Empress Eugénie and suffragette exploits to her memories of Germany and famous musicians. Dame Ethel Smyth must certainly have been a stimulating companion, and if she is also the greatest woman composer, it seems the time to revive some of her compositions.

E. V. R. WYATT.

B. F.'s Daughter. J. P. Marquand. Little. \$2.75.

WITH the appearance of "B. F.'s Daughter," J. P. Marquand has reached the status of a major American writer. It is not that his last novel is a better social document than "The Late George Apley," or a more artistic satire than "Wickford Point," or significantly different in theme or setting from "So Little Time," or an advance in ethical thinking over "H. M. Pulham, Esquire." Marquand has not grown up; he has merely expanded. He makes the same circles of observation about the same ex-Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Vassar, Bryn Mawr society. He still admires the well-bred, laconic, *noblesse-oblige* club-man and society woman, and he is still curiously contemptuous of the ill-bred arrogance of the new classless intellectual who, owning no cultural heritage, remains a protesting parasite of American society.

Some readers will find "B. F.'s Daughter" a reactionary commentary on the F. D. Roosevelt era. Its most admirable characters are Burton Fulton, an honest, aggressive industrialist and Bob Tasmin, a conservative young lawyer pursuing the conventional *cursus honorum* at Yale, Harvard Law School, and a junior partnership in a Wall Street law firm. Mr. Fulton and Tasmin are

the doers and makers. Tom Brett, the New Deal College Professor, whom Polly Fulton marries to express her independence, stands for the brilliant, egoistic, unstable revolutionary mentality of the 1930's. The war finds Mr. Fulton forging the weapons of democracy and Bob working as a colonel in the Army, while Brett and his friends man the ideological front as OWI personnel in Washington. Mr. Marquand sinks his fangs into war-time publicity men. His satire of Tom Brett and his radio friend, Milton Auerbach, who was disturbed by the lack of political consciousness in military men about to enter battle, will be long and gratefully remembered.

Polly Fulton, the central character, belongs to both worlds. Like her father, she is a thorough individualist; unlike him, she finds no compelling motive to make something of herself. The energies which might have been directed towards fruitful activities are spent in an effort to escape the affluent, ready-made background of Park Avenue. Brett offered her independence and adventure; Tasmin security and satisfaction. She learns when it is too late that Brett was constitutionally unfaithful, and that Tasmin's stuffiness was not thin-blooded Puritanism, but an admirable sense of decency and honor. The book ends with Polly's recognition of her own blindness. The moral is not very subtle, but neither is the moral of our recent social history which it is the business of this book to represent.

In spite of the fact that Marquand's point is unmistakably plain, his book is neither a crude nor altogether negative attack upon the ideologists temporarily out of favor. If it were only this, it would indeed deserve the title *So Little to Say*, flippantly suggested by a bored young reviewer. Marquand is not a direct and forceful writer. His insinuating approach, his apparent interest in mood and in random conversational digressions, seem to suggest that he is not passionately concerned with principles. But his irony is not without pathos. It is true that he lacks passion, but it is not true that he lacks a strong sentimental attachment to the code of the gentleman. Marquand is a spokesman of a genteel New England tradition which disguises its tender conscience in reticence, scepticism and satire. His is the conscience of a Henry Adams and a George Santayana, a conscience built on nostalgia rather than present faith, on a code rather than a creed, on a culture rather than a cult. This conscience is timid in its affirmations and reveals its latent strength in the angry bitterness of its denials. Thus Mr. Marquand is not sure that the future of America should be entrusted to the Burton Fultons and the Bob Tasmins; he is really sure that such men, each in his own way, preserve the traditions of honesty and self-respect. He does not love them so much as he detests their opposites.

There is more positive merit in this position than meets the eye. It is easy for a novelist to adopt synthetic enthusiasms, dynamic attitudes, forceful emotional techniques. It is much more difficult, in the present pluralistic pattern of American society, to identify and describe productive and civilizing forces. B. F. is no Charlemagne, but he is a generous, manly leader of men. Bob Tasmin is no Galahad, but he has a clear conscience and a natural nobility of soul. Both men fulfilled their duties and accepted their misfortunes. Perhaps they did lack inspiration. Perhaps Mr. Marquand himself lacks inspiration. All codes and chivalries derive their force from the seed-bed of beliefs, and Marquand's chivalry has no conscious belief, or passion, or inspiration. There is just a dim, an-

cestral memory of belief. There are some who hold that even this memory is both the survival and the promise of great, enduring good. Our current literature offers men of greater genius than J. P. Marquand, but none with an acuter sense of the need for a civilized ethos.

FRANCIS X. CONNOLLY.

Call For Forty Thousand. John J. Considine. Longmans. \$3.00.

IT WAS a happy coincidence that brought a South American missionary to my home just a few days ahead of Father Considine's latest volume. Otherwise I might never have realized the superficiality of "Call For Forty Thousand." Turning to this book after several hours of solid conversation with a priest who had lived and labored in Latin America, was a contrast almost too great to be fair to the author.

Father Considine in writing his book labored under two evident handicaps. First of all, he toured South, Central, and Caribbean America as the official representative of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society—Maryknoll. It seems obvious that too much frankness in certain matters might easily embarrass the scores of Maryknoll missionaries at work below the equator. Secondly, no man living could cover all of Latin America in a few short weeks, and write with any depth of what he saw. The true traveler looks long, reflects deeply, and is content if he can compress even one nation within the covers of a book. The present author looks quickly, then tells us what others have said about what he is seeing. "Call For Forty Thousand" may best be described as a digest of comment and statistics, with the author's journey a cord to give tenuous unity to the whole.

Those who have read Father Considine's companion volume, "Across A World," know that he writes with an easy informality that makes for easy reading. The student of South American life will find nothing new in "Call For Forty Thousand," but much of what the author gives us is well worth repeating. The long-established thesis from which his book takes its title—Latin America's crying need for priests—should be shouted from the housetops. Likewise the need for social justice, which would give South America the middle-class that would give South America her priests.

Beginners in Latin American affairs will find Father Considine's book a good jumping-off place. It is entertaining reading, especially in short snatches, for anyone. It is an attractive job of book-making with sixteen pages of rotogravures. For all its lack of depth, it will do its bit to direct Catholic eyes to storm clouds in the South.

LEO J. TRESE.

Power and Events. Andrew Paul Ushenko. Princeton. \$3.50.

TO SAY that we live in fateful times has become almost monotonous. Yet the statement remains true. When the reader finds a book with the title, "Power and Events," splashed in red ink and large type on the cover, written by a modern philosopher of some standing, he is entitled to expect a serious discussion of the "power and events" which are shaping the destinies of the twentieth century.

Actually the title of this book is a deception. Professor Ushenko has really written a most difficult and rather

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badly organized book on "pure" philosophy, comprehensible only to a few specialists in advanced philosophy, unintelligible to even the intelligent reader who does not happen to be a specialist in philosophy, unintelligible even to the great mass of the holders of "Doctor of Philosophy" degrees. This reviewer took a sample poll among several Ph.D. friends selected at random, all men of superior intelligence and wide reading, and not one could make any sense of Professor Ushenko's book.

The jacket does summarize in fairly intelligible English what the book tries to do: "The idea of power, the cornerstone of a 'dynamic philosophy,' allows the author . . . to integrate various trends in philosophy and do justice to seemingly irreconcilable aspects of the world: thus, according to the author, power is both the source of change or process and a basis of stability in the form of dynamic equilibrium; and, again, nothing but power has the kind of invariance which serves to correlate dissimilar and changeable perspectives, including alternative world views of philosophy.

"While the distinction between power and events is a revival, with important modifications, of Aristotle's contrast between potentiality and actuality, the philosophy of power is empiricism. The central part of the book, the second chapter, is a demonstration that power is an observable entity."

To be fair in reviewing this book, one must confess that if the reader succeeds in grasping some idea of what the author is trying to say, in general it makes good sense and is in line with the best thought in modern philosophy. For example one can quote the following passage: "Power, of course, is not an explicit sensory element. But in a work of art power is exclusively concerned with constituent sense data and integrates them into a total experience of balance or equilibrium. Thus aesthetic analysis corrects a misrepresentation of the metaphysical contrast which would take power and actuality to be incompatible or coexclusive in existence. The truth is that power not only coexists with explicit or actual sensory elements within an aesthetic experience but cooperates with them to an extent that borders on the sublimation of the metaphysical contrast."

Julien Benda once wrote something called, "La trahison des Clercs." I believe that Professor Ushenko would be classified among Benda's "intellectuals" who have failed to accept the responsibility for the state of society for which their education and intelligence have fitted them. Other philosophers or men in related fields have given their best thought to the vital problems of our time. In spite of his errors, Spengler has made many of us do a great deal of thinking. He wrote in intelligible language. Maritain has probed into the most fundamental problems of our existence in a way one can follow. We could hope for something better from Professor Ushenko these days than involved discussions of whether the desk at which I am writing is a figment of my imagination or is something that really exists.

WALTER J. MARX.

Three Worlds. Nicholas S. Timasheff. Bruce. \$2.75.

FORDHAM'S Professor Timasheff (who, incidentally, was erroneously listed as a Catholic in the December 6th issue of *THE COMMONWEAL*) has already been rather widely quoted as an authoritative witness against the menace of communism. In the pres-

ent book he emerges as an equally effective witness against fascism and the deep-seated evils of liberal capitalism. Considerable interest, particularly for the Catholic reader, attaches to the fact that on no less than thirteen occasions in the present volume the Professor refers to Spain and even to Portugal as semi-fascist states—under the auspices of Father Husslein's Science and Culture series.

After analyzing the essential characteristics of the "three worlds," Liberal, Communist, and Fascist, the author concludes that our only possible hope is to reform the first and to make of it what it has never sufficiently been in the past, namely, an effective instrument for the advancement of the general welfare.

The conditions of survival for liberal society are listed:

- 1.) "... the efficiency of liberal society must be lifted above the level of our day."
- 2.) "... the skilful use of the political and economic machinery for the solution of the main problem of our day, full employment."
- 3.) "... the elimination from the great society of humanity of periodic world wars of which, in reality, there have been more than two."
- 4.) "... a wholesale re-scaling of values to make up for the false evaluations of humanity that were made in the course of the past few centuries."

Granting the priority and the over-riding importance of No. 4, the author very properly concentrates on No. 2. His conclusions will be equally unwelcome and equally scandalous to conservative capitalists and doctrinaire socialists. For he advocates a basic reconstruction of economic life which reads like a paraphrase of Pope Pius XI's industries and professions system. Timasheff takes it for granted, as indeed most of the human race does today, that "the long-range problem of full employment can be solved only on the basis of the coordination of efforts or, in other words, of planning." "Unfortunately," he continues, "there is very little hope that public opinion will soon recognize that this change is unavoidable, to prevent the breakdown of liberal society. . . . Private property and free men—yes, their preservation is the goal. But today free competition has become an instrument of their destruction."

To those (including Hayek specifically and by name) who argue that "planning" is a univocal concept and that it always and everywhere and inevitably leads to totalitarianism, he replies by outlining his own interpretation of the type of democratic planning which is advocated in *Quadragesimo Anno*. "Planned economy," he concludes with enviable patience, "seems to many tantamount to the abandonment of the very principle of liberal society or of the 'American way of life.' As has been shown above, planned economy may receive various forms, and that recommended here is compatible with the real principle of liberal society, which is preservation of freedom to the limit of possibility. It is equally compatible with the Catholic social ideal."

The author's style of writing is occasionally pedestrian and rather unpolished, perhaps because he had his eye fixed too closely on his classroom outlines, but the book as a whole is to be highly recommended. One envies the professor's students at Fordham. Incidentally, if he insists on their reading the items which are listed in his splendid bibliography, the prospects for Catholic lay leadership in New York and its environs are rather bright.

GEORGE G. HIGGINS.

The Inner Forum

The Island of Curacao

AT KINGSTON, Jamaica, in the British West Indies the Jesuits of St. George's College Extension School have established a remarkable series of credit unions and consumers' cooperatives. As a chronicle of their work they publish a multigraphed bulletin, *Jamaican Cooperator*, which is edited by one of the leaders of the movement, Father John Peter Sullivan, S.J. He has been making a considerable tour of the Caribbean Islands in the past few months and in the course of his visits in the interest of furthering co-ops and the missions he spent some time in Curacao, which is the seat of the Government of the Dutch West Indies.

Curacao itself, with its area of 210 square miles, is the largest of these islands; its population was 75,176 according to the most recent census. Of these people some 80 percent are Catholics. In contrast with what Father Sullivan encountered in Trinidad, Grenada and St. Lucia (all of them under British rule) he found that illiteracy in Curacao amounted to but 3 percent. Education is not compulsory but good facilities are provided by the Dutch government, which "builds, repairs, equips the schools, salaries the teachers. . . ." On the other hand the Catholic Church on the Island has the task of actually operating the schools themselves.

Situated squarely on the 12-degree latitude line Curacao is directly north of Venezuela and not far from its capital, Caracas. There is very little rainfall on the Island and vegetation is quite scanty. "Hence nearly all food is imported, much of it in small sailing vessels, scooting across the open water from Venezuela, 45 miles away. Water is derived from island wells and also extracted from the sea." One of the remarkable features there is a lack of unemployment, again in contrast with the other islands which Father Sullivan visited on his recent tour. In fact it has been necessary to import 9,000 additional workers—Portuguese, Venezuelans, and men from the various neighboring islands. This is due largely to the fact that the local oil industry is so thriving. "There are apparently no poor in the island. Nowhere did I see anyone who did not have shoes. And as for housing: recently about 122 new homes, one story, of stone and cement structure, have been built for poorer people . . . by the Catholic Church through building society plans. Repayment, I understand is on a ten or fifteen-year basis."

The missionaries on Curacao and the other islands of the Netherlands West Indies are Dominican Fathers from Holland. Apparently they have not gone in much for cooperatives, as the missionaries do in Jamaica and Trinidad, but in addition to their fine school system they have a number of other important enterprises. One of the most interesting is the new modern Allied Seamen's Home, of which Reverend J. B. Van der Meer, O.P., is chaplain. It is intended to carry out the ideas of the worldwide Apostleship of the Sea. Its facilities include entertainment rooms, a library, billiard rooms, a restaurant and bedrooms and they are open to every seaman regardless of his religious beliefs. It is here of course that Catholic sailors have an opportunity to receive the Sacraments.

Despite the relatively small number of inhabitants

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Curacao boasts three Catholic periodicals, while the Vicariate has its own printing establishment with modern presses, linotype machines, etc. One of these publications is a Catholic daily printed in Papiamentoe, the patois of the island. One Catholic weekly is in the Dutch language while the other is again in Papiamentoe. Similar to the situation in the mother country, there are in Curacao both an important Catholic Trade Union and a Catholic Party.

Out in the country there is a counterpart of our famous Nebraska Boys Town. It is run by an Order of Dutch Brothers who are called the Crusaders of St. John. One of its most remarkable features is that, although it is deep in the tropics, there are neither termites nor mosquitoes and hence no need for sleeping nets. At Curacao there is also a fine Catholic hospital, St. Elizabeth's, quite up-to-date in its equipment, wards and private rooms; it is conducted by nuns from the Netherlands.

As the visitor from Jamaica is piloted through the narrow, "chummy" streets of Willemstadt (the capital of the Dutch West Indies) by Father Brada "while he flourishes his inevitable cigar for emphasis, vivid street scenes impinge on us: the easy association of the various races here; the hum of the Papiamentoe, a mixture of Dutch, Spanish, Portuguese, English, French and Indian. To everyone we meet on the street Father Brada sings out 'cum-te-bye' (that's how it strikes me phonetically), the Papiamentoe for 'hello, how are you.' Everybody knows him. He knows everybody. . . . For decades the Dutch fathers, nuns and brothers have been doing efficient social work. No fuss! No fanfare! In fact, they seem surprised when you point it out to them. . . ."

The *Jamaican Cooperator* announces that early this February the first regional Caribbean conference on social problems will be held at Ciudad Trujillo in the Dominican Republic. It is organized by Dominican Catholic Action, and Archbishop Ricardo Pittini of Santo Domingo has sent invitations to such countries as Cuba, Haiti, Jamaica, British Honduras, Puerto Rico, the Bahamas, Martinique, Guadalupe, Trinidad, Curacao, Venezuela, British Guiana, French Guiana, Surinam and Dominica. This conference will seek to lay the foundations for effective cooperation throughout the Caribbean on the basis of common social needs and common acceptance of the implications of Catholic social teachings. The delegation from Jamaica will include four priests and one layman.

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